

# The Saline County Journal.

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NUMBER 28.

## THE SALINE COUNTY JOURNAL

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## Business Directory.

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J. M. PRESCOTT,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas.  
SHEAD & HODGKINS,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Salina, Kansas.

F. A. & S. A. WILMAN,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office, No. 28 Seventh St.,  
Salina, Kansas.

J. C. MOHLER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Iron Ave., east of  
the postoffice, Salina, Kansas.

JOHN W. WILLIAMS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas. Particular  
attention given to land contracts and any business in U.  
S. Land office.

LOWE & HILLER,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, No. 26 Santa Fe Ave., Salina,  
Kansas.  
C. G. HILLER.

JNO. C. SPIVEY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas. Will attend  
promptly to all legal business entrusted to him in Salina  
and the adjoining counties.

JOHN FOSTER,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Government  
Claim and Land Solicitor. Office over L. H. & C.  
Davis' Harness Shop.

A. J. INCERROLL,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office in  
County Building, Minneapolis, Kansas. Will practice  
in the counties of Dickinson, Salina, Ottawa and Cloud.

JOHN W. BERKS,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, Office at the Central Kansas Land  
Agency.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.  
WELT M. DURHAM,  
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT, Salina,  
Kansas.

PHYSICIANS.  
J. W. CROWLEY, M. D.,  
CLINICAL SURGEON, 101 VOL. CAY. Office, No.  
84 Eighth St., Salina, Kansas.

J. W. JENNEY, M. D.,  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Of-  
fice No. 89 Ash St., Salina, Kansas.

J. W. DAILY, M. D.,  
SALINA, Kansas, has just received a complete set  
of Dental Surgical Instruments and is prepared to ex-  
tract all kinds of teeth.

DENTIST.  
DR. R. E. NICKLES,  
DENTIST, Office No. 90 Santa Fe Avenue, (upstairs).

BANKERS.  
D. W. POWERS & CO.,  
BANKERS. Exchange sold on all principal cities of the  
United States and Europe. Collections made. Interest  
allowed on deposits. Banking house on Iron Avenue.  
D. W. POWERS.

HOTELS.  
AMERICAN HOUSE,  
G. J. LAY, Proprietor. Charges moderate. Corner  
of Santa Fe and Iron Avenues.

TRAVELER'S HOUSE,  
J. W. THOM, Proprietor. Good table and good ac-  
commodations. Minneapolis, Ottawa, Kansas.

DURFEE HOUSE,  
E. A. SKINNER, Proprietor. Corner New Hamp-  
shire and Packer Streets, Lawrence, Kansas.

MECHANICAL.  
H. C. STANLEY,  
CARPENTER, BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR. Shop  
opposite Eberhardt's Lumber Yard.

ED. ROYAL,  
WAGON MAKING AND REPAIRING done in first-  
class style. Shop in rear of Sedgwick Drug Store.

NORTON & CONRAD,  
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS, No. 122, Eighth  
St., Salina, Kansas. For building purposes, for sale.  
J. E. NORTON.

W. B. SCHOLL,  
BLACKSMITH, Shop, Rear of No. 103 Santa Fe Ave-  
nue, Salina, Kansas. Here his old friends and new  
will find good material, skillful workmen and low  
prices. All kinds of repairing executed promptly and  
satisfaction guaranteed. The best Scott cast iron  
ways on hand and for sale at a small advance.

SALOONS.  
THE LONE STAR SALOON,  
HARRY BOLAN, Proprietor. Billiards and Li-  
quors. Brookville, Kansas.

ELKHORN BILLIARD SALOON,  
T. TRUETT & CO., Proprietors. New Billiard Ta-  
bles and elegant furniture. Santa Fe Avenue, Salina,  
Kansas.

MISCELLANEOUS.  
R. T. WATSON,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN GROCER-  
ies, Queensware, Provisions, Etc., No. 36, W. Santa Fe  
Avenue.

Chapman & Gibson,  
HOUSE, SIGN & CARRIAGE  
PAINTERS.  
Glazing and Paper-hanging done with neatness and dis-  
patch. Cor. Iron Avenue and Seventh Street, SALINA.

ATTENTION!  
EVERY ONE IS SUITED!!!  
The Pacific House  
Is complete, beautifully new and well furnished with  
good rooms. It is located nearly opposite the county  
building, where good board can be obtained at all times  
with or without room. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
JEFFRIES & FOSTER, Proprietors.

BACKBONE.  
Who you see a fellow mortal  
Without fixed and fast views,  
Hanging on the skirts of others,  
Walking in their cast-off shoes,  
Following low to words or feet,  
With subject, uncovered head,  
Ready to retreat or lead,  
Willing to be driven or led,  
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,  
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—  
Just the things which his must lack.

A stronger word  
Was never heard  
In sense and tone,  
Than this, backbone.

When you see a theologian  
Bugging close some holy creed,  
Fearing to reject or question  
Dogmas which his priest may read,  
Holding back all noble feeling,  
Choking down each manly view,  
Caring more for forms and symbols  
Than to know the Good and True;  
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,  
Throw your moral shoulders back,  
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—  
Just the things which his must lack.

A stronger word  
Was never heard  
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Than this, backbone.

When you see a politician  
Crawling close, contracted holes,  
Bugging for some fat position,  
In the ring or at the polls,  
With no sterling manhood in him,  
Nothing stable broad or sound,  
Deft of pluck or ballast,  
Double-deal all around,  
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,  
Throw your moral shoulders back,  
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—  
Just the things which his must lack.

A stronger word  
Was never heard  
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A modest song and partly told—  
The text is worth a mile of gold;  
For many a man must only lack  
A noble spirit in the fold.

THREE FINE YOUNG MEN.  
A proud man was Abel Leonard—  
proud of his home, and everything in it,  
proud of his long established and profitable  
business as a merchant. Abel Leonard  
had been heard to boast that he had  
in his counting-house the three finest  
young men in the city.

There was his own son, Charley—he  
was certainly a fine young man, and his  
father was more than a little proud of  
him.

Then, there was Evan Jones, the head  
book-keeper. Certainly Mr. Evan Jones  
was a fine young man.

Thirdly, a sort of head clerk and gen-  
eral manager, who made himself felt  
everywhere, and of whom even his em-  
ployer was half inclined to stand in awe—  
there was Walter Sterne, with an ex-  
pression of self-contained firmness about  
his full, solid looking lips that forbade  
any one denying that Walter Sterne was  
a very fine young man.

Walter had many peculiar ways of his  
own. He owned the pretty suburban  
villa he lived in, and, nevertheless, he  
was accustomed to make the fact that he  
supported his mother, who was also his  
housekeeper, an excuse for all sorts of  
unnecessary economies; though not only  
Abel Leonard but his fellow clerks, were  
all aware that Walter's bank account had  
been steadily climbing upward from  
every hour, ten years ago, that he had  
entered the merchant's establishment.

And yet, Walter Sterne was a welcome  
visitor at the house of his employer; for  
not only could he converse in most modern  
languages, but he could be entertaining  
in many ways, and his knowledge of  
music was by no means contemptible.

Three very fine young men were these  
and undoubtedly Abel Leonard was just-  
ified in being proud of them; but the  
time had come, in the natural course of  
human events, when the old gentleman  
must necessarily be puzzled. For forty  
years he had no partner in business, and  
for half that time he had accustomed  
himself to look upon his daughter Belle  
as a girl; but now two important facts  
were slowly dawning upon him. One  
was, that he must speedily assign the  
charge of his business to a younger and  
more active manager; and the other was,  
that two of his very fine young men were  
rivaling each other in well directed  
efforts to establish one of the partner in  
business.

Abel Leonard had always pretended to  
keep a sharp eye after his books and bal-  
ance; but of late years this had been  
little more than a pretence, until now  
that he seriously contemplated a change  
in his arrangements, he once made a  
practical reality of his formal examina-  
tions. No one but himself knew this,  
however, for able Leonard was not a  
talkative man.

Perhaps the old gentleman was not as  
quick at figures as he had once been, and  
there were some accounts that puzzled  
him sadly. At all events, he went over  
them again and again. Still he called no  
one to his assistance, though, as Charley  
was cashier, Evan Jones head book-  
keeper, and it was Walter Sterne's duty  
to go over things after them, he could  
have very easily had everything explained.  
To be sure, Walter had been absent  
for two or three days, just before the  
end of the puzzle came. That night  
Abel Leonard went home with a clouded  
brow, and a good deal less of pride than  
usual in his heavy step.

There can be no doubt of it—no  
doubt of it whatever; there was a deficit  
of eight hundred pounds in the cash ac-  
count, and it was well covered up, too;  
but they could not deceive old Abel. I  
wonder how long this thing has been  
going on?

And then, as if something whispered  
to him, there came the thought of Wal-  
ter Sterne's comfortable bank account, so  
very large for a young man with his sal-  
ary and expenses.

"I hope not—Lope not," said Abel.  
"I wonder what Belle thinks of him?  
Anyhow I must warn her."

And so, after dinner that evening, Abel  
called his daughter into the library, and  
unfolded this terrible budget of news.—  
So absorbed was he, that he hardly no-  
ticed Belle's sudden change of color when  
he dimly hinted his suspicions.

"But, papa, are you certain? May  
you not be mistaken?"

"No, not about the deficit."

"But who could have taken the mon-  
ey?"

"Any two of them could, if they work-  
ed together, or may be, one of them."

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ed together, or may be, one of them."

could have done it alone. They have  
chances, every now and then, but Walter  
has the most."

Belle could say little more, but the  
whole thing seemed impossible.

"Walter will be back to-night," said  
the old gentleman, "and I will say nothing  
about it till he has had a look at the  
books."

"Oh, dear!" said Belle, "it's too bad  
anyhow."

The next day, Abel Leonard sent down  
word that he was ill, and did not make  
his appearance on that or the day follow-  
ing, so that the three young men had it  
all their own way. The second evening  
Walter Sterne came up to the house to  
make one of his frequent calls. He was  
received as usual, made a good report of  
the business, but he seemed to have some-  
thing heavy on his mind. What it was  
he did not mention in his brief interview  
with his employer, nor did the latter,  
muffled up in somewhat theatrical fan-  
tasia, make any allusions to his porten-  
tous discovery. After the talk with the  
old gentleman, there followed a very in-  
teresting call in the parlor, and never  
before had Belle Leonard seemed so sub-  
dued in her manner or so sweetly engag-  
ing. To such an extent did her manner  
and the half pleading expression of her  
face work upon the already pretty well  
formed determination of her young  
friend, that the secret, which for a long  
time had been only half a secret, forced  
its way to his lips in a rush of earnest  
and eloquent avowal. Belle bowed her  
face upon her hands for a moment, and  
then raised it, pale as marble, but as  
firm.

Mr. Sterne will give time for consid-  
eration. If he will call again to-morrow  
evening I will give him his answer."

Walter's fellow clerk was destined to  
receive a very similar reply to a very  
similar question, only that Evan was put  
off somewhat indefinitely.

Still later that same evening, two very  
fine young men were walking down Reg-  
ent street arm in arm, when one said  
to the other, "Evan, I can't go to the  
old gentleman for more money just now  
—have you any to spare?"

"Not a penny. You know how un-  
lucky we've been of late."

"Can't you raise money?"

"Don't think I can. You know I've  
done a good deal for you already," said  
Evan.

"Yes, but that will be all right when  
you marry Belle."

"Yes; you must help me then," re-  
plied Evan.

"Why don't you propose?"

"I did that very thing this evening."

"You don't say so? What luck?"

"Good. I should think; only she has  
put me off for a week," added Evan.

"Oh, that's nothing. You couldn't  
have expected an answer off-hand."

"Not from so proud a girl as Belle  
Leonard. Still you can help me."

"I will. Don't be afraid; I'm not an-  
xious for Walter Sterne as a brother-in-  
law, I assure you."

"Ha, ha! don't worry yourself about  
that."

And so they separated; but the next  
morning, no sooner did Evan Jones  
reach the warehouse, than Walter called  
him aside for a private consultation.

Whatever was his nature, even the coun-  
tenance of Walter Sterne was unable to  
conceal an expression of astonishment  
and consternation.

"But why did you not tell me at  
once?" he asked.

"I knew your cast iron ways," replied  
Evan, "and I was afraid you would tell  
the old gentleman, and that wouldn't do  
you know."

"Tell him? No, never! We must keep  
him ignorant at any cost."

"But how can we do it?"

"Oh, leave that to me. I'll go over  
the books again at once. There won't be  
the slightest danger."

Walter Sterne was unusually busy with  
his books that day, and in the afternoon,  
late, Abel Leonard came down in his car-  
riage. He tumbled the books over, as  
usual, but had little to say, and he really  
looked ill when he started for home.

The ride was not a long one, but it  
seemed to have shaken all the pride out  
of the fat little merchant. As he entered  
the hall he was met by Belle.

"Father!"

"The very worst, Belle!"

"How do you mean?"

"The additions and entries are cor-  
rected, and the cash is all straight again."

"But how is that the worst?"

"The corrections are all made in Wal-  
ter Sterne's own hand. He has been  
alarmed in some way, and has put the  
money back to save himself."

for I saw them before you made the cor-  
rections. I may also add that I have ex-  
torted an unwilling confession from Mr.  
Jones—not that he did wrong in any  
thing, but his desire to shield you. It  
will not be necessary for you to come to  
the counting-house to-morrow, Mr. Wal-  
ter Sterne."

While the old gentleman had been  
speaking, Walter had been thinking with  
lightning speed, and he now replied, in  
a deep and firm, though husky voice:

"Mr. Leonard, I see into what a snare  
I have fallen, but I see also that I can not  
at once lift myself out of it. I will only  
say now, that I have been utterly honest  
with you, and more, than honest. There  
is not one stain on my conduct."

And so saying, Walter strode out of  
the room, and out of the house, leaving  
a deeper impression behind him than he  
was aware of. As for Belle, she threw  
herself upon the sofa, in the back parlor,  
and all but sobbed herself to sleep.

Perhaps an hour, perhaps more, passed  
by, when Belle was awakened by  
many voices, conversing near her in low  
tones, in the darkness.

"No, you can't, Charley, that was the  
very money I let you have. I told him  
you helped yourself to it, and he made it  
good to straighten the books, and clear  
it up. It was only by bad luck that the  
old gentleman found it out, and it's too  
late to help. He'll forgive Walter in a  
day or so. Then, you know, it settles  
the other thing."

Thus far Charley had said very little  
that Belle could hear, but now his voice  
was raised a little.

"Evan Jones, I never did a mean thing  
in my life. Do you think I'd shield my-  
self, or you either, at the expense of a  
man who would do so generous a thing  
as that? No, not by."

"Hurrah for you, Charley!" almost  
screamed Belle, and she sprang from the  
sofa and threw her arms around his neck  
—very narrowly missing the wrong man.

"I know Walter Sterne was not dis-  
honest! Go this instant and bring him  
back here. Never mind how late  
it is. I'll go and tell papa at once."

By the time she had ceased speaking  
there came a loud bang from the front  
door, as it shut behind the retreating  
form of Evan Jones.

Charley went as he was bidden; and  
if Able Leonard never again boasted of  
his "three fine young men," he had, in  
after years, much to say about "my son-  
in-law, Mr. Sterne, sir."

A determined Indian fighter.  
A correspondent of the Chicago Tri-  
bune gives a graphic description of an  
Indian fighter. He says:

"At Fort D. J. Russell near Cheyenne  
—which is no fort at all, but merely a  
beautiful village of barracks, officers'  
quarters, cottages, and a long green  
lawn, where a band of music plays every  
evening—I heard an account of an officer  
celebrated for Indian prowess. The sub-  
ject was the war in Arizona, and Crook's  
substitution for Stoneman."

"Oh, Indian hunting is Crook's special-  
ity," says one. "The fact is Crook is  
nothing but an Indian any way. I mean  
that his mind, physiognomy and educa-  
tion are all Indian. Look at his face—  
the high cheek bones, the contour of the  
skull; and his manners—stolid, separate  
and adverse to talk. He is a perfect In-  
dian in endurance."

"He can take his gun and cross the  
desert, subsisting on the way, where you  
and I would starve. Perfectly self-re-  
liant for any venture, delighted with  
lonely travel and personal hazard, carry-  
ing nothing but his arms, he will walk  
after a trail all day, and when night  
comes, no matter how cold, he wraps  
himself in an Indian blanket, humped up,  
Indian fashion, and pitches himself into  
a heap of sage brush, there to be per-  
fected by easy till morning. He will follow  
an antelope for three days. He requires  
nothing to drink or smoke, and very lit-  
tle to eat. Abstemious, singular, utterly  
ignorant of fear, and yet stealthy as a  
cat, he rejoices in exile, is shy of women  
and strangers; and when he was a cadet  
he had all the same traits. The other day  
he departed for Arizona with one  
soldier, his rifle, and two clean shirts—  
the latter he took only to be presentable  
on the steamer. His style is to hunt  
continuous hiding places by day for his  
command, and more than upon the In-  
dians by night; and he can outwit the  
keenest Indians in the country. When  
he was in command in Oregon, his wife,  
who had taken the responsibility of fol-  
lowing him, although herself greatly re-  
spected, shared his quarters out in the wil-  
derness. Crook did not have ten dollars'  
worth of furniture in his quarters. Some-  
times he would remark: "Well, I'm go-  
ing off." And he would be gone a week  
perhaps, scouting, and return just when  
he liked, his wife waiting nothing. If  
Crook don't get killed, he'll clean out the  
Apaches, provided the politicians let him  
alone. He ought to be kept in command  
there in Arizona till the Apache question  
is settled."

A new and interesting figure on the  
streets of New York is the Scotchman,  
John Deagall, the editor of the daily re-  
ligious paper lately started there. He  
is a heavy, elderly man, with a large  
head and a face of simplicity and prac-  
ticability, yet touched with a certain en-  
thusiasm. He dresses negligently, is  
somewhat Greeleyish in appearance, and  
speaks with a strong Scotch accent. He  
is already known as "praying John,"  
from the fact of his praying with such  
compulsive frequency and unctious. He  
composes his sermons and prayers,  
prays for each number of his paper, and  
labors to induce all his writers and rep-  
orters to work in his spirit of prayer.

A Virginia editor has come to the con-  
clusion that a man might as well under-  
take to hold himself at arm's length, and  
then turn a double somersault over a  
meeting house steeple, as to publish a  
paper that will suit every body.

When our hatred is violent it sinks us  
beneath those we hate.

How a slave won his wife.  
San Francisco, Cal. N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Mrs. Stowe made her reputation from  
the great mine of romantic truth which  
surrounds so many of the colored race.  
The future novelist will draw upon the  
simple annals of the once down trodden  
but now emancipated people, as the his-  
torians of the Pentateuch have drawn  
upon the exodus from bondage of the  
Children of Israel.

Year after year Robert Jackson has  
been the second waiter at Congress Hall;  
but the head waiter at Congress Hall; but  
the careless crowds have not known that  
through his veins courses the proudest  
Virginia blood. Robert is a small, well-  
made quadroon, fashioned, perhaps, in  
about the same mold as Stephen A.  
Douglas, for his head closely resem-  
bles that of the "Little Giant." His  
grandfather was General Harry Lee, of  
revolutionary, light horse cavalry fame;  
and his mother was a slave woman,  
named Jenny,